Mecca's Toast:

MINE OWN COUNTRY

Let us drink a deep draught, let us sing a sweet song,
To that country—our country—the land of the strong;
Let us breathe forth a prayer to Omnipotent God,
That He blesses the land of the bright golden rod.

Let us drink to the emblem of Freedom and Peace,
May its radiant Stars and its Stripes never cease
To protect the dear land where but freemen have stood,
And to float on for aye o'er the bright golden rod.

Let us drink to the heroes unnumbered, who gave
Of their own sacred blood their own country to save,
Those who struck for her freedom and fell to her sod,
While their blood turned to crimson the bright golden rod.

Let us live for our country and die for her sake,
If her honor or welfare or name is at stake,
We will give her our all—yea our last drop of blood,
And then sleep in her breast 'neath the bright golden rod.

BY NOBLE F. B. WELLER

THE MECCAN

OF MECCA TEMPLE

A.A.O.N.M.S. OASIS OF NEW YORK

Vol. III FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 2

EPES W. SARGENT JAMES L. HOFF JULIAN M. SOLOMON, JR.
Editorial Staff

LOUIS N. DONNATIN, *Business Manager*

Address all communications to LOUIS N. DONNATIN
Mecca Temple Headquarters 107 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Volume III FEBRUARY, 1919 Number 2

How Do You Like It?

ONCE more The Meccan has recovered from its annual debauch of figures and facts, and with the reports and addresses out of the way, we are going to try to make it more than ever "of, for and by the Meccans." To this end we have cut down the size of the type face on much of the contents that we may get more material into the same compass. In these days of conservation it is not expedient to add to the number of our pages. We must gain space through the use of smaller type faces. We want to know what you think of it, for we want to please you. Won't you take the trouble to drop us a line—a post card will do—and tell us whether you prefer more matter or larger type? It will take only a moment. Do it anyway, whether you like it or are against it. We want to know what you think. This is your paper, and we want it to please the greatest possible number. We can do so only if you help us with your comment. This is going to be a busy year with Cyp at the helm and we shall need the space to record his multifarious activities. And by the way, that was one regular session Cyp pulled off, wasn't it? We lost a mental bet on it, at that. We bet that there would be so much smoking we would lose the hall. We would rather lose the bet than the hall. For the first time in the sixteen years we have been a Shriner there were seats for all at a regular session. More power to Cyp!

Ladies' Night, Friday, February 21st

MECCA TEMPLE BAND, A.A.O.N.M.S.

107 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

EXECUTIVE ROSTER

CYPRIAN C. HUNT, *Illustrious Potentate*
LOUIS N. DONNATIN, *Recorder*

Walter T. Margetts,
Secretary and Representative of the Potentate
Rudolph Pfieffer,
Treasurer
Adolph Haas,
Librarian
G. Bruce Stayman,
Quartermaster

Music Committee

Herbert Frapwell,
Chairman
L. A. Withington
Howard R. Slaght
Dr. John L. Foster
Chas. F. Lembke

E. A. Johnson
Isidor Bloom
Rudolph Pfieffer
Walter T. Margetts

Chester W. Smith,
Conductor

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

N. G. Barber
Wm. T. Blomberg
H. M. Brod
Isidor Bloom
Dr. A. H. Butterfield
Dr. L. H. Cotton
Oren H. Crosby
Harry V. Clayton
Fred J. Cottier
Geo. W. T. Dowling
E. B. Eck
Wm. F. Forbes
Dr. John L. Foster
Herbert Frapwell
W. H. Hoschke
F. N. Harmse
Adolph Haas

E. W. Huebner
Geo. W. Haynes
David J. Havens
E. A. Johnson
Albin Johnson
H. S. Libertoff
Chas. F. Lembke
Arthur E. Munday
Phillip Mullenthaler
Arthur Mullenthaler
A. Melnikove
Walter T. Margetts
Jas. A. McClurg
Colin McDougal
John A. Miller
Leonard M. Mueller
M. S. Millner

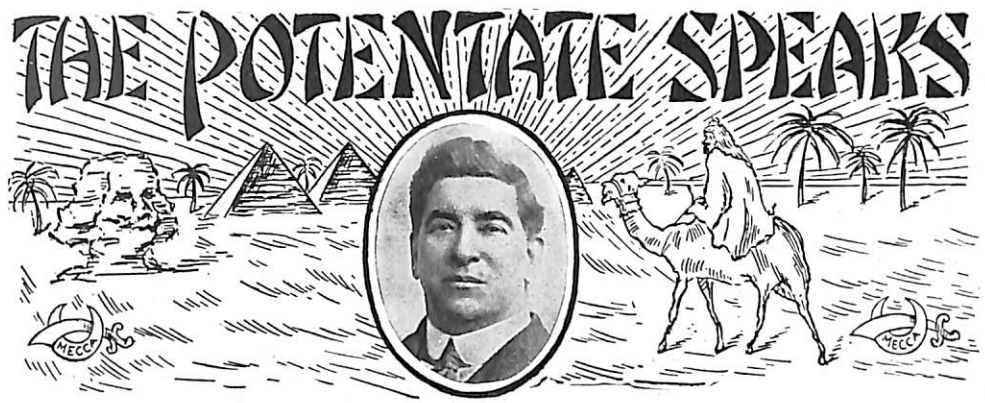
Chas. S. Moulton
W. H. Oakley
Bernard Pflaster
Rudolph Pfieffer
W. H. G. Repp
B. A. Sinn
Howard R. Slaght
G. Bruce Stayman
Dr. Wallace G. Simrell
H. A. Simon
C. J. Silberbauer
Arthur W. Silberbauer
Stewart S. Tidd
Wm. F. Taylor
L. A. Withington
John F. Werner
A. J. Werner

All members of Mecca Temple, or members of other Temples, who may be located in New York, are invited to join the Band if they are musicians. The Secretary will furnish application blanks on request and the names will be presented to the Band by the Music Committee.

The Band rehearses at Mecca Temple Headquarters on Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock.

For the Ceremonial work we also need men for String Instruments, Tom Toms, Musettes and Tambowls. It is also planned to organize a corps of Field Music to accompany the Band on Parades. This will require men who can play the Bugle, Fife or Drum.

In fact, if you are a musician at all talk to the Secretary of the Band.



SO far, so well—we are off to a fair start. Mother Mecca is the oldest Shrine in our Order, but not too old to lead the field at all times. Years are not the things that count. The moment a man acquiesces in the thought that he is old in age, that second, he begins to get ancient in ambition. Many men with wrinkled skin and deep furrows have a soul as smooth as velvet. If you desert your ideals, fear yourself and fear others; life is not worth living, and you grow prematurely old. So long as you keep the central fires of love and affection burning, and find true happiness in serving others unselfishly, just so long will life hold for you that lure, that unfailing desire, and youthful appetite for more.

Man is as young as his love; keep the old fire burning. Our hearts in Mecca Temple are aflame with a desire to serve.

On the trail through life, you will find it a good plan to step out of your way to help a stranger; hold a lantern, to help look for a lost horseshoe; your horse has been known to throw a shoe, and your tire occasionally gets punctured. It's a long road that doesn't lead back.

We are optimists, for we know pessimists are disappointed with themselves. We believe in results and efficiency. They count. Efficiency is anything that gets good results; it is not apathy or paralysis; it is health, happiness and good hard work. Give a man courage, energy, perseverance and initiative, and he is apt to be a success. Every organization has plenty of individuals who are morally and physically competent, but they lack initiative—the great mental factor in success; consequently they are not proficient and they fail to make good.

Service is the true basis of all successful organizations, but heart service is the kind you get when you pay in the coin of appreciation, kindness and consideration. I want the heart-throbs of the entire Temple working with me, then that real confraternity of spirit can leave nothing lacking.

We all need loyal friends; loyalty is deference to discipline, devotion to organization and allegiance to associates. Disloyalty is rebellion, revolt, mutiny and treason. Genuine contentment is a by-product of self-forgetful service to others.

When your pulse quickens at the sight of sadness, when your blood courses faster in the presence of want, and your heart softens out of sympathy, you show the Real Shrine Spirit.

We must have willing, loyal, efficient workers. One decayed spot in an apple will soon spread. One parasite in any organization will soon disqualify the whole force. Don't be a human phonograph, capable of giving forth only what some one else has talked into you! Be yourself! Keep your face to the light, and tune your heart to harmonize with the joyous song of life. We have been in the fog, the sun was shining above it all, we have risen through the fog and now bask in the sunshine.

The world is a sieve that lets the little narrow minds slip through, and separates the really worth-while kind; that's the kind you are. Study how you may help

someone. If you keep your mind occupied with good, the bad thoughts can't come in. Say something good, or nothing. When you are impatient you see things in a false light, you magnify trifles and dignify nonessentials.

Pay no heed to the knocker, consider the source. I want you to throw sunshine into shadow-land; and ask the fault-finder this question: Can you do better?

We want to help our fellow men. There is no better purpose, no greater ambition I know of. Doing something for somebody is the quickest way to plant, raise and harvest a crop of happiness, and as Meccans we should know each other here on earth during the week, and let the others sing on Sunday: "We shall know each other there."

True wisdom teaches that happiness is never real until we share it with another. It is where we take it, and seldom where we look for it.

We all must perform our duty. It is the demand of the hour, and requires the best in men. We must work on the right road that leads to bigger and better things. We are not cowards, we consider it our good luck to be able to see active service at the front and will not shirk from our duty. Let us learn a lesson from the United States of America—a nation is but units of individuals—but power multiplied to produce more results. Let us as Nobles marshal all our individual forces under the banner of right, and we will surely march on and reach the Temple of big things, and by this cooperation keep dear old Mother Mecca the banner Shrine of Shrinedom.

We are anxious and ready to work and earn our success, so let every Noble of Mecca pull on the stroke oar and then success is assured.

With sincere fraternal regards,

Yours in the True Faith,

Potentate's Den.
February 1, 1919.

Cyfo.-

Dates to Make and Keep

Friday, Februrary 21.—Ladies' Night
The New Patriotic Order
"The Daughters of Liberty"

Friday, March 14.—In Challa
A translation of the transliteration of the circumambulation of the Kaaba

Monday, March 31.—Ceremonial Session
"Over the Top." Another new idea

Saturday, April 19.—Kiddies' Matinee
Detailed announcement later

Monday, April 21.—Ladies' Night
A Carnival of Mirth, Wonderment and Melody

May Attractions.—Dates to be announced later. Mecca May-Night Festival.
ALSO A GIGANTIC CEREMONIAL

With the exception of the Kiddies' Matinee, the events to which dates have been assigned are all to be held in our new mosque

Carnegie Hall, Seventh Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street

We are going to need CANDIDATES
It's up to YOU

ALTHOUGH we are always glad to give any desired information, it would seem to be advisable for Nobles to tell their candidates about the Order. Evidently some of them get no help of this sort. When you get a candidate through why not tell him the things he should know and start him right?

As an example of what I mean, a newly created Noble wrote in the other day to ask why he should receive a bill for dues. He had paid $50 for a life membership and he wanted to know what that red and white bill was for. It was for dues, of course, for you must live your life membership in Mecca Temple. Evidently he had gone through the Scottish Rite and Mecca Temple in one time and two motions, and confused the two bodies, supposing that the fifty-dollar life membership fee in the Scottish Rite also covered the Shrine. You cannot blame the new Noble. It was all new and strange to him. He had been told he was getting a life membership for the sum paid. He was not told clearly that it was for a life membership in the Scottish Rite only. It is no wonder that he waxed mildly sarcastic in writing to the Temple.

All this could have been avoided had the proposer told his candidate all about it. A member of a Symbolic Lodge is not supposed to know much about the higher degrees. It is the duty of his proposer to tell him all about it. Tell him that the Shrine is not an adjunct of the Scottish Rite nor of the Commandery, but that membership in one or the other of these bodies is a pre-requisite to membership in the Shrine. Tell him the difference between the York and the Scottish Rite. Tell him that he can belong to either or to both, as he may desire. Tell him that he must belong to one to be eligible to the Shrine and that he must keep himself in good standing in the Masonic bodies to retain his membership in the Shrine, since such a membership is based upon this pre-requisite.

Explain to him the Cerneau clause in the petition. This is particularly important if the candidate is a Knight Templar, for he may later desire to join the Consistory and without proper information he may become connected

with a spurious body, which would be a violation of the pledge he made in obtaining ennoblement.

Explain to him, too, the reason why membership in these bodies is a prerequisite to membership in the Shrine. Tell him that the founders of the order made this provision feeling that a man who has passed through the various Masonic degrees was presumed to have passed the rigid scrutiny of those bodies and therefore was good material for our Order.

Tell him also that the Shrine is not Masonic. It is not a higher degree than the Thirty-second or the Templar Degree. Being a Shriner, he is no higher as a Mason than he was before. Tell him that the Shrine is an assemblage of Masons, but it is not a Masonic assemblage. Let him get the proper angle from the start.

Tell him about his number. Explain that since the founding of the Order each Temple has numbered its members in the order of their entrance. After each session the propositions are assembled in strict alphabetical order and then numbered in rotation, starting with the next higher number than the closing number of the last class. Tell him that this is a part of his Shrine signature and should always be used in communications. We have an alphabetical index of the Nobles that is kept always up to date, but the number is the chief means of identification and should invariably be added to the name. Then if the signature is difficult to decipher—and some of the clearest writers hopelessly entangle their signatures—it is easy to look up the number and get the exact spelling of the name. Apart from this the number indicates the Shrine age, and most Nobles can call their number without reference to their cards because they are so often asked to give it.

And tell him that life membership in Mecca Temple is a reward for long service; that it cannot be bought and is given only after twenty-five years of continuous active membership. If a Noble is dropped for any reason and then restored, he does not regain this life membership record, but must start anew. Life membership is never given for any other reason than the quarter-century of continuous membership. If the Temple desires to honor one of its Nobles it gives some other distinction than life membership, and so the very fact that a man is a life member is assurance of long and loyal service.

But above all don't forget to tell the new Noble that he greets the badge with a smile. This is not a part of the ritual, but it is a pleasant custom that has the sanction of long usage.

You might tell him to remember that the Recorder is not a fortune teller and does not know when he changes his address unless something is said about it. Notifying the Commandery or the Scottish Rite will not change the Shrine address. Tell him to write me, too, and let me know where he has gone. It it safest to give both the new and the old addresses as well as the number. And speaking of addresses, it should be remembered that it is a law of the Temple that the addresses of its membership are never given to anyone. Nobles are saved the annoyance of indiscriminate circularization through the rigid enforcement of this rule.

Probably you have noted that once more we are able to return to the old custom of permitting each Noble to escort two ladies to our social events. The cards and words are both required, and you cannot give your brother-in-law your card and expect him to get through the gate. You can't give him the words and the words must be given the Outer Guard even on social nights. The entertainment is primarily for you, and you yourself must come.

Don't read and forget this. Read and remember, and when you get that much-to-be-desired candidate, tell him all about it. And get a candidate. We need them. It's true we have a big membership, but it is not a matter of membership. We want some candidates to feed the Arab Patrol, and you can imagine the awful appetities they have when you read in The Meccan of their almost monthly "annual" dinners. Feed them to repletion this year.

Yours in the True Faith,

Louis N. Donnatino

Recorder.

Were YOU there?

By Noble Epes W. Sargent

NEARLY four thousand were present in Carnegie Hall Friday evening, January 31, when Chester Smith raised his little stick about twenty minutes past seven, and his big band followed the little stick through the melodious mazes of a well-chosen program. Nearly four thousand were present, but were YOU there? If you were not, you have missed something that you can never regain. You may attend other ceremonials—you will if you heed the words of the wise—but you can never recall Cyp's first big Ceremonial Session in our new Mosque, which on other occasions is referred to as Carnegie Hall.

Probably even Carnegie Hall would have been filled had it not been for the crush at the Ladies' Night which preceded the regular Ceremonial by two weeks. More than a thousand were turned away then, and perhaps they stayed away, in consequence of which there were some vacant seats in the upper gallery. Be ye ever regretful that YOU were not in one of those vacant seats. And don't let it happen again. Don't ever again let a chance go by to get the large laugh that will put fat on your bones and bring the creases into the corners of your mouth that make you look like a human being instead of an undertaker. Come on down next time and you'll see a good show. It won't be the same show, for Cyp has new stuff coming, but it will be a good show, it will be a fast show, and it will start on time and end reasonably early.

Officially Cyp "came back" last December when he was elected Potentate for 1919, but actually his return from the Elba of retirement was January 31st, when he came out on the stage and got as big a round of applause as would have greeted President Wilson or Doug Fairbanks or any of those celebrities. And that was not the only time Cyp stopped the show. For the first time in the history of the Temple the Inspired Charge was applauded to the point where to use a theatrical expression it stopped the show and Cyp had to make a bow before the ceremony could proceed. He got another big "hand" sprinkled with cheers, when the initiation ended, and if he had been around after the show he would have had to make a bow again. And, mind you, it was not the effort of a professional claque, the applause of a few of his close associates. It was the spontaneous, full-throated voice of the entire membership there present. It meant that they were glad to see Cyp back and appreciated what he already had done.

And he had done a lot. Noble John Brunton had built a set to completely fill the arch of the regular stage; a false proscenium with a correct Arabic effect, opening upon a gorgeous throne room true in every detail of arch and arabesque. It was a fine piece of painting and well lighted; the prettiest stage picture we have ever offered, which is saying much. In addition he had built a false stage or apron, extending over the middle sections of the first eight rows of seats which gave a stage space in excess of the footage of either Terrace Garden or the Amsterdam Opera House. Because of an afternoon performance, it was not possible to enter the hall until after five o'clock, yet the apron was in place and the cloths hung by seven and shortly after the curtains were dropped and the stage setting continued back of the drop while the business session ran. It will be easier next time, for then the stage men will know just how to hang the cloths, but for a first use it was a record. And it was not alone in this that Noble Brunton covered himself with glory. He ran the stage the entire evening and materially assisted in avoiding stage waits.

That is one of the delights of a Hunt ceremonial. There are no stage waits. The band was ten minutes behind the advertised quarter past seven in starting, but after that there was no delay save a slight wait for the picture screen because Cyp, after urging the Nobles to wait for the pictures, forgot to tell Brunton to drop the cloth. The business session started the moment the band stopped, the ritual began the moment the business session was over and the initiation followed in less than five minutes. A phonograph had been provided for this wait and was to have sung the song "Mickey," dedicated to the production which will form one of the features of the next Ladies' Night, but the machine lost its voice and got the hook.

The business session was brief. The reading of the minutes was dispensed with, saving a lot of time, and Cyp in his brief speech of welcome apologized for not giving individual greetings to the many Potentates and Past Potentates present. He did ask Noble Erastus C. Knight, Potentate of Ismailia, Buffalo, past Grand Commander K. T., N. Y., and President of the Masonic War Relief Fund,

to stand up that we might greet him, but there were so many present that Cyp gave them a collective greeting. Among others the Divan of Salaam Temple was present, with the Shrine Club of Rutherford, N. J., Cyp's home town folks. Noble Alen Rice, of Alcazar, sat in one of the front seats and Cyp's quick eye picked him up when he was pulling off a stunt he "found" down in Montgomery.

Past Potentate William J. Beamish was presented with a ring from the Nobles in appreciation of his good work last year, the presentation being made by Past Potentate Robert D. Williams.

Noble Leo Ph. Ullman, who was our delegate to Jerusalem Temple's big dedication, sent in his report, as he broke his ankle on his return to New York and was confined to his home. He also sent over the badge of Honorary Life Membership in Jerusalem Temple which was given him by that Temple in commemoration of his visit. The communication was too long to be read and Cyp followed Congressional procedure and asked leave to print.

Noble Ullman was one of twelve Nobles representing as many Temples at the ceremonies, and he reports that they had a magnificent time. Imperial Potentate Jacoby was the guest of honor and Hamassa, Yaarab and Abba Temples attended with their bands, patrols and drum corps, to help Jerusalem welcome him. There was banqueting galore and everything from a grand dedicatory ball to a dinner to the poor of New Orleans. From other sources we gather that Noble Ullman was far from being among the least of those present.

The Life Membership badge is a silver dollar hammered into high relief and provided with a locket back upon the face of which is the proper inscription and the signatures of the Potentate and Recorder.

In accordance with Noble Ullman's suggestion a letter of thanks and good will was sent Potentate Weinberger.

There was no wait following the business session. Immediately the stage was cleared of the officers the Arab Patrol under Dr. Dana B. Pratt, presented for the first time "The Domino March of Death." The march is new, but the costumes were borrowed from Arabia Temple, Houston, Texas. It was a bizarre affair, and it gave the candidates a hint of what was in store for them. Odd lighting effects materially aided the effect. The candidates were employed in the latter part of the march and as soon as they were done the caravan was lined up for the pious pilgrimage.

Then it was that the full beauties of the stage setting were revealed as the curtains were swept aside to permit the entrance of the Potentate. Cyp discarded the trick whiskers he used to wear and presided with a smooth shaven face, but he is going to try a novel make-up for the March Session if he has time to prepare it. Arthur Diamant acquitted himself well in his new position of High Priest and Prophet, but his make up was more Semitic than Arabic. Paul Jones, advanced to Assistant Rabban, probably missed his long prayers more than we did. Arthur was more brief. Bill Alexander, the new Oriental Guide, was not able to be present, and Harry Arthur took his place. Harry should know his part by now. He not only filled that station, but he did it a number of times while he was Assistant Rabban. No one ever worries about the Oriental Guide, for they have only to wish it on Harry again and he never says "no," though he has done his share. But he wasn't going to sulk in his tent just because he couldn't be Potentate. He was right on the job and did the life-saving stunt again.

Of course, the stunts were the big noise. A few of them we have seen before, but most of them were new. Cyp really tried to let the rest work the stunts and keep in the background, but he is too good an actor to be able to see the show sag and he had to drop into the stuff and pull it along. Some people got his goat by declaring that he wanted to be the whole thing from Potentate to Patrol and he honestly sought to keep out just to show them, but it cannot be done. As a stunt worker Cyp is better known to other Temples than his own. In his first administration he made the mistake of trying to work solo stunts on the floor. It cannot be done that way. There is too much space to cover and he cannot hold attention. On a stage all this is changed, and if Cyp is wise he will turn a deaf ear to the comment and go right ahead and work the stunts himself. There is not a man in the entire Order who works any better, and a lot of western Temples know that so well that they try to plan their ceremonials to suit his convenience that he may work the stunts for them. He proved very plainly the other night that he must do the work himself if he would get it over—and he was trying to prove the reverse, at that. The moment he took hold the show went with a rush. When he stepped into the background the show fell. Whether he wants to or not, he will have to work the stunts himself to get the best results.

There was some material on hand which could not be worked because it was not possible properly to prepare the stage in time. This will be given at later sessions. As it

was there was plenty of show and more might have tired. As it was, the big crowd was sore from laughing.

Cyp has toned down a bit since last time. He is as unctuous as ever, but he doesn't chew the scenery to the same extent. He has gained in finesse of delivery in the more serious work, and this is a decided improvement. And he didn't call upon "Loueeee N. Donnatin, Past Potentate and Recorder of Mecca Temple to present the flag of our Countreee." That much has this organ of truth and justice accomplished in the past. Cyp has improved a lot.

Following the show came four reels of pictures. The feature was Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Once a Mason." For once the wise guy who has seen it all before, no matter what it is, was in a deep, deep hole. Before the session night probably not twenty people had seen the picture. It is the second of the Drew-Paramount releases, and not even the Broadway "pre-release" houses will get it until some time in March. Other Temples have shown special pictures, particularly Kismet, but Mecca Temple is the first Temple of the Order ever to show a regular feature in advance of its pre-release.

Editor Julian M. Solomon, Jr., is connected with the press department of the Famous Players-Lasky Corp., and arranged for this early showing because of the aptness of the story. It was a tryout before Masons and a highly successful one. The Drews are identified with a class of comedy peculiarly their own, clean, intelligent and wholly human. They never use custard pies, but depend for their appeal upon the fact that the stories they offer might well be pages from the life of any average man or woman. But they have seldom offered a better vehicle than this by Alfred Payson Terhune. This time "Henry" joins the Masons and his wife wants the secrets. To pacify her he invents an initiation and a set of secrets that would do credit to a Shrine second section. She promises never to tell, but the next afternoon it is all over town. You can guess the rest. There was a laugh to every title and to most of the scenes and it is the cleanest cut story dealing with Masonry ever screened.

Noble H. J. Sheppard also contributed a couple of Keystones, in one of which Mabel Normand and Fatty Arbuckle were joint stars. Four reels made a show of just about the right length and it was all good entertainment. It is better than the sort of vaudeville we have been getting—or can get, for that matter—and seems to give more general satisfaction.

And tell the kiddies that they are going to the circus for their annual treat. Recorder Donnatin has charge of the affair and he suggested the circus instead of the usual cheap vaudeville and box of candy stunt, so the matter was put up to the Temple and passed. Details in the next issue. Tell the kiddies to watch for them.

And just a word for Noble Louis Salter, 9689. Noble Salter is Superintendent of Carnegie Hall, and at both the ceremonial and the Ladies' Night he has done all that any person could to make things easy and pleasant. Without him we could not have done many of the things we have done and could not do many of the things we have planned to do in the affairs to come. Noble Salter is regular folks.

And lastly a word for all the Nobles who were present at the Ceremonial. It was darkly prophesied by many—and we admit to having been one of them—that we could never hold the lease of Carnegie Hall because it would be impossible to prevent the Nobles from smoking. If it was impossible, the impossible has been accomplished. There was no smoking in the prohibited parts of the building. Many of the Nobles sat from seven until after twelve without lighting up, and if this keeps up we shall continue to meet in the finest and most comfortable Mosque we have ever had, and surely that is worth the self-denial practised the other night.

If YOU missed this session, do not miss the others, and do not forget that Imperial Potentate Jacoby will be the guest of honor at the March Ceremonial. Make a note now to keep that date open. And come early if YOU want a box seat. No seats are reserved.

Buy W. S. S.

Do Not Miss Ladies' Night Friday February 21

Mecca Temple Comfort Corps MTCC Is Now Red Cross Auxiliary No. 181

MECCA TEMPLE COMFORT CORPS is now Auxiliary 181 of the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross. Following the Ladies' Night at Carnegie Hall, January 18th, at which the formation of the Corps was announced, many applications for membership in the Corps were made, but there is room for many more. Applications should be addressed to J. Darrell Nicol, who has been appointed president by our Potentate. He can be addressed at Headquarters, 107 West 45th street. The temporary officers in addition to Noble Nicol are William Emory Pettit, secretary, and Henry Holding, treasurer. Give Henry plenty to do. He's a lazy sort of cuss and needs the exercise. If you cannot work, you can at least contribute.

The aims of the Corps were fully explained by Recorder Donnatin at the last Ladies' Night, but for the benefit of those who were not present, it may be well to repeat them. The Corps, in addition to the usual Red Cross activities, will give special attention to Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of all Temples. They will act as liaison between the families of Nobles and the Nobles themselves, for those who may be in base hospitals in New York and vicinity. They will seek to provide those injured Nobles with delicacies and comforts, take them for auto rides, where their condition permits, and in general carry out the ideal for which this Order stands.

This is NOT a ladies' auxiliary. It is to be an organization of both men and women, Nobles and their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters. We want both because we shall need both; the women to prepare the comforts and the Nobles to give those services women cannot well perform.

The question of uniforming the corps will be left to the action of the members when formal organization takes place. At present it seems to be the consensus of opinion that a distinctive badge or brassard will be better than a uniform, but the matter will be left entirely to the membership. If a uniform is decided upon, it will not be obligatory, but the members can suit their own preference in the matter.

There is a very real need for such service at the present time. Thousands of injured soldiers are being returned to this country and a large portion of them pass through Hoboken, the local Port of Embarkation. Many of these Nobles are in need of small services and little comforts the Government does not provide. Their families will be anxious about them. They can get in touch with Headquarters and the members of the Corps will respond to their requests. Inquiries from other Temples will be looked up.

There will be no ambulance unit or that sort of thing. All of that has been well taken care of by existing organizations. Our aim is to supplement this work with reference to our own and brother Nobles. If you can give an hour or more a week, get in touch with Noble Nicol and tell him what you are willing to do. And do it now, please.

Buy W. S. S.

STANDING STILL

Do you remember the story of the young lady who went into a well-known establishment and said to the "aisle director": "Do you keep stationery?"

"No, miss," replied the young man, "if I did I'd lose my job!"

It's a good story—because it's funny.

It is a better story because it makes you think.

"How about yourself? Are you "stationary"— or are you on the job, and making things hum?

Cyp Starts the Social Season

Nineteen-nineteen Starts With a Bang at Carnegie Hall and Hundreds Have to be Turned Away. Keep Things Humming

CARNEGIE HALL can seat 4,200 persons. It held about 5,000 Saturday evening, January 18th, when Potentate Cyprian C. Hunt started the year with a Ladies' Night. It not only held 5,000 persons, but the police, who are familiar with Carnegie Hall crowds, estimate that more than one thousand persons were unable to gain admittance. And the funny part is that Cyp was so fearful that there would not be a full house that he changed the rules to permit each Noble to escort not only two ladies, but to bring also a Mason friend. For coming events the extra man will have to be cut out, and if that does not do the work, we shall have to cut down to the old limit of one lady to a Noble.

That was the only regrettable feature of the evening—that all who came could not be cared for. Apart from this there was nothing to spoil the full enjoyment of the performance, bar the erratic behavior of the projection machines. The feature was the Government War Picture, "Under Four Flags," the fourth and latest of the series of Government special releases put out by the Division of Films of the Committee on Public Information. Last August we bought out the Cohan Theatre to see the second picture, "America's Answer." "Under Four Flags" is a far more striking film because it shows more of the real activities of the War and wastes no time in showing the vast preparations made. It was all war stuff, and no picture ever made before was one-tenth as dramatic. It was a wonderful visualization of war; an actual showing of battle procured at the risk and often at the cost of life. Hundreds of men in the Signal Service have been wounded while making these pictures and many have been killed as they stood cranking their cameras, for they went into the first line trenches and even beyond, into No Man's Land, planting their cameras at night to register the charges and explosions. Often an entire battery of cameras would show nothing worth while, but now and then a camera would show a few feet of film almost priceless in its rarity, and the best of this was offered to us. It was war in grim reality viewed from the soft comforts of an opera chair, and even poor projection could not spoil the wonderful showing.

And the projection *was* wretched. It was no fault of Cyp's. He went to one of the largest companies to make the arrangements, but they did not keep their part of the contract. Arrangements are now being made for the next Ladies' Night that will insure perfect projection.

But getting back to the beginning: the hall was practically filled at half past seven when the Mecca Band started the concert. That middle initial of Cyp's stands for continuity, and he cannot endure a stage wait. He starts things on time and keeps them going with a rush clear to the finish. And perhaps that Band, with the big Carnegie Hall organ—one of the finest in the country—did not sound like regular music! It brought out the tone and made us realize more than ever just what it means.

After the concert Cyp announced that owing to the illness of Past Potentate Benedict, our senior Past Potentate would not be able to make the speech of greeting in the new mosque, so he did it himself, and Cyp doesn't take a back seat to any one when it comes to that sort of thing. A comedy interlude was supplied in the presentation of a gavel to Cyp by two of his friends. The presentation was nicely done, but the two Nobles looked like Mutt and Jeff, so great was the disparity in their sizes. And right after that Recorder Donnatin handed Cyp a hammer and he announced that gift, too.

Meanwhile, the stage was being partly cleared for the Patrol drill under Dr. Pratt. It was being cleared through most of the drill, too, for no one remembered to tell John Brunton that they wanted a clear stage, and so the chairs and music racks were passed to the back of the stage and then sneaked off while the boys were marching.

They repeated the evening dress drill they did at the November Ceremonial, but without the red neckties, though they used red ribbons for their Patrol badges. They went through without a break, in spite of the confusion caused by handling the chairs, and Dr. Pratt is to be congratulated upon the good showing they made. In the drill Doc. Pratt looks more ornamental than useful, for he just stands to one side and blows a whistle now and then, but his work is done on the drill floor, bringing the boys to such a stage of proficiency that they are not all shot to pieces when they get out on the stage. Doc. is "there," and he had reason for the ample smile he wore.

Then came "Under Four Flags," already spoken of. It is a picture that most will never forget.

Noble Joseph Stern sent up Joe Sherman, who sang one of the late Stern publications. It was a straight case of "song plugging," but Sherman has both a tenor and a soprano voice and when he switched he gave an excuse for the repetition of the chorus.

To lighten the tension a little the next was a comedy picture, "Pluck and Plotters," a two-reel Vitagraph which had the audience gasping at the rapidity of the movement. It was just one long laugh, for the little laughs overlapped into one long one, and the audience was sorry to see the picture fade from the screen.

Another real hit was a Community Sing under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service, which sent up Astley Nagle to do the leading. He was a wonder. He had a persuasive way and a delightful speaking voice and he made them sing—every man and woman in the place—and he made them like it. Put him in a gang of mutes and he would have them singing the "Long, Long Trail" inside of half an hour. They would simply have to. The Community Sing made such a hit that it is to be hoped that it is repeated at other affairs, and if it is we hope that Nagle comes again. Why, he could even make the Arab Patrol emit real music at the end of a long beefsteak session. Higher tribute cannot be paid.

Noble Julius Witmark sent John Philips to sing one of their songs, and Philips plugged a little too hard. We shall have to get a rule made that not more than four choruses may be sung. It's enough.

Chester Smith played "The Lost Chord" as a cornet solo with the orchestra and organ, and if the organist had only turned loose the big pipes it would have been even better.

Then Cyp tried to beat Nagle at his own game. He did not do quite that, but he got the audience singing the new Mecca song he wrote for the occasion. It is sung to the tune of "On, Wisconsin!" and when the crowd gets a little more familiar with it, it is going to be a regular feature at every show. The words, with a new fourth verse, are printed on page 22 of this issue.

After all that Recorder Donnatin came on and made an appeal for members for the Mecca Temple Comfort Corps. It was late, but he held them well and already a move has been made in this direction. We can use more. That was all there was to it except the Star-Spangled Banner and "good night." The show was over by half past eleven. There had not been a dull moment from half past seven—four solid hours of pure enjoyment, and that is just the beginning of the year's festivities. Watch the calendar, take them all in *AND COME EARLY*.

The next Ladies' Night will be Friday, February 21st. Each Noble may escort two ladies *but may not bring a Mason friend.* Cyp's new order, "The Daughters of Liberty," will be conferred in full form by the entire Divan and Patrol with all of the stage settings, properties and costumes used at the regular Ceremonial Sessions of Mecca Temple. This is an occasion that happens but once a year. This is the time.

And in addition there will be shown the new seven-reel motion picture "Mickey," with Mabel Normand in the title rôle. We will

have good projection, a special musical score and all the trimmings. Either event will be worth while. The two, in combination, will form the biggest show of the year. It will be your own fault if you miss this. The doors are opened at seven AND WILL BE CLOSED PROMPTLY AT EIGHT.

Cyp promised us a year of real entertainment. He started right in to keep that promise. The first attraction was one of real merit, and it was well handled. Cyp also told that he was not going to be so prevalent this year, and he wasn't. He kept more in the background and even let Frank Maher do some of the announcing. But the crowd wants Cyp and so long as he keeps the pace he has set they are going to keep on wanting him. No one could pick real flaws with the first entertainment, and even better is to come. Just watch and see.

Buy W. S. S.

SEEING'S BELIEVING

There was a young lady named Anna,
Who sang in a choir soprano.
The tenor said "There"
As she mounted the stair,
"I've both seen and heard your Hoseanna."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LADIES

MECCA TEMPLE

A. A. O. N. M. S.

will hold a

LADIES' NIGHT

in

MEET "MICKEY" YOU'LL LIKE HER

Carnegie Hall

Seventh Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street

Washington's Birthday Eve
Friday, February 21st, 1919

MEET "MICKEY" SHE'LL CHARM YOU

When there will be conferred the new Order

The Daughters of Liberty

A wonderful and spectacular production surpassing in dignity and grandeur any order ever conferred upon the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the Nobility.

Solos by MME. FLORA VAN WESTEN
Operatic Contralto

The World's Greatest Order **The New Dispensation**

Commencing very promptly at Eight O'clock
Preceded by a Band Concert at 7:30

Please be in your seats by that hour ready for the grand entrance of the installing officers.

Admission by year card only. It must be the 1919 card.

Each Noble may escort two ladies and no more

Our Life Members

Fifty-nine New Names Added to Mecca Temple's Roll of Honor for Long and Honorable Service

HEREWITH we present the names of those fifty-nine Nobles who, having completed twenty-five years of active membership in Mecca Temple, have gained the honor of being enrolled as Life Members of Mecca Temple. In Mecca Temple life membership is not a matter of paying down a certain sum. It is a distinction reserved to those who have long and honorably served their appointed term. It is a dignity awarded only to those who have given to their Temple a quarter century of service and support, who have remained continuously in good standing in that period and who are still active on the rolls. Diplomas of membership were presented at the altar to those who were present at the Annual Session in December. The others have been mailed to those too feeble to be present or who are absent from our oasis. Included in the list are the names of many well-known to the craft, but perhaps no name is better known than that of James Belknap, who for so many years has served the Scottish Rite as its Secretary and who is almost as well known to Meccans as our own Recorder.

2325	J. Stewart Wilson	2594	Nathan Magen	2674	Charles H. Moak
2517	George E. Pace	2604	John R. Abell	2677	Frank W. Murray
2520	Albert W. Smith	2609	Nelson Y. Dungan	2679	Charles E. Spratt
2527	James M. Brandon	2614	William S. MacCormick	2682	Alexander S. Williams
2529	Thomas Capstick	2615	Charles S. Noe	2684	Henry Bohnfalk
2538	William J. Hawkes	2616	Thomas J. Parker	2685	Paltiel R. Bomeisler
2541	Frank D. Maltby	2620	Edward Sceery	2687	Arthur Brogan
2545	Robert G. Newman	2624	Frank B. Ward	2689	Adelbert T. Burdick
2555	James Belknap	2629	Frank C. Clark	2691	John C. Cassidy
2563	Warren S. Herman	2630	Charles W. Cook	2692	Isaac W. Caulfield
2566	Henry C. Jacobs	2637	Moses Harris	2698	Aaron Dalrymple
2567	Charles E. Lane	2638	Frederick W. Kerr	2712	Benno Loewy
2568	Robert H. Law	2639	John Kerr	2715	Samuel C. Milbourne
2572	Aaron Mills	2640	James M. Lewis	2720	Daniel P. Read
2575	Hermann Rannefeld	2642	Charles E. MacChesney	2723	John S. Sherman
2584	J. Walter Wood	2643	Robert Micolino	2725	Robert L. Smith
2587	Cornelius Christie	2645	Robert H. Mulford	2726	William Spoor
2591	Albert W. Grayman	2650	August H. Sievers	2570	Joseph P. McCann
2592	Max Goldwater	2653	Joseph M. Weber	2577	Perry R. Smith
2593	S. Dana Hubbard	2654	James N. Weikly		

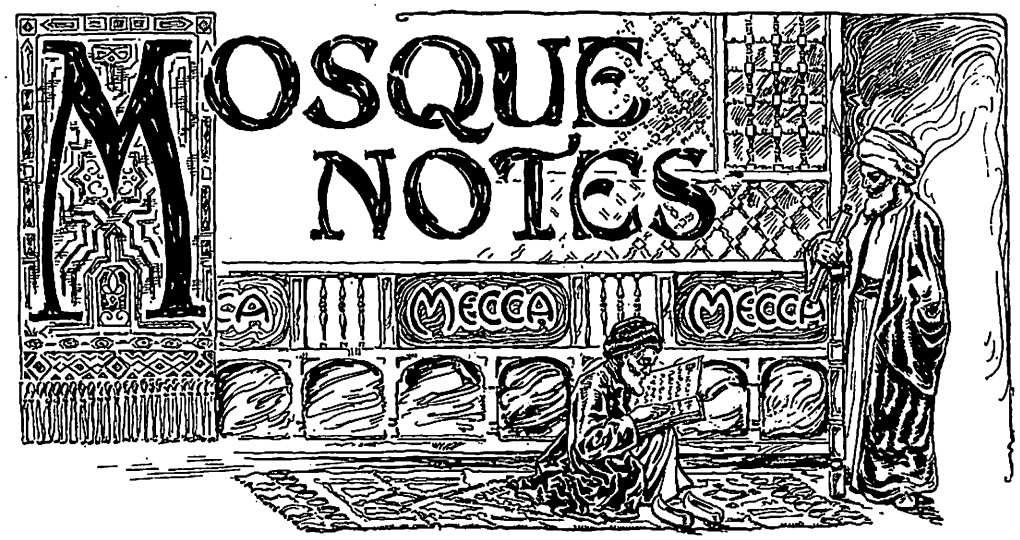
JERUSALEM'S DEDICATION

Jerusalem Temple, New Orleans, started the dedication of its beautiful new mosque on Saturday, December 28th with a parade of the local and visiting Nobles. Sunday, a dinner was given to the poor of the city to emphasize the aims of the Shrine. The Imperial Potentate and many of his Divan were present and there were representatives from Temples from all over the country, Noble Leo P. Ullman, 2967, representing Mecca Temple. A class of more than one hundred was initiated at the session on Saturday. New Orleans now has a mosque second to none and one that Potentate Charles Weinberger has every reason to be proud of since it is so largely due to his own efforts that the structure was raised.

Buy W. S. S.

VETERAN NOBLE GONE

Noble Joel Wilson, 1814, died at his home in Newton, N. J., December 30th, in his sixty-ninth year. Noble Wilson was created in Mecca Temple in 1877. He served during the Civil War with the First Maine Cavalry, and attained the rank of Captain. In later years he conducted an Academy in Newton and attained much fame as an educator.



HERBERT DIAMANT, 9803, rises to deny. He says he does not deserve all the nice things that were said about him in the December Meccan. He says he is not the chief greeter, though he admits that he may say "Howdy!" to a stranger now and then; but he insists that his chief duty around Headquarters is to act as door-tender nights he happens to be there. He adds with a far-away look in his eyes that one night he opened the door 96 times, and then someone asked him into the oasis, and in that brief period a beautiful young lady called and, while waiting for her brother, talked for half an hour to his understudy, who had only opened the door that one time. Other joys may come to Herb with the passing of the years, but it is easy to see that Fate can never make up to him that lost opportunity. Herb can deny all he wants, but we still maintain that he has more of the true club spirit than any of the Headquarters regulars.

Buy W. S. S.

Cyp "made" Houston, Texas, lately, and dropped in at the Shrine Headquarters there. The local paper, in writing him up, said that they were trying to get him to stay over for the ceremonial and added: "Those who know him assert that if he can be prevailed upon to remain for the ceremonial, it will be equivalent to adding a fourth ring to a circus." Cyp meant it when he said he was going to put Mecca on the Shrine map.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Harry Krakauer, who is Sergeant with Motor Truck 497, postcards that he got his July and August MECCANS, and was glad to have them as there are Shriners from half the Temples in his company and they are all glad to get Shrine literature. We hope he'll be back where he can get them more promptly.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble George S. Youngling, 5701, had a real Thanksgiving when his son, Noble Louis S. Youngling, 12794, who had been with an Engineer Regiment at Camp Humphreys, Va., and was expecting to go across, walked in for dinner with an honorable discharge in his pocket. Noble Louis Youngling was among those on the pilgrimage to the Imperial Council at Seattle, one of the best of the Shrine trips, and will be remembered by all who made that merry journey.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Julius Tannenbaum sends in a chatty letter about Camp Eustis. It is too long to print in this issue, but we are saving it up and you'll see it presently. It's worth waiting for.

Buy W. S. S.

Some people can take a hint. Noble Charles J. Wetzel, 5217, read that the "Q's" were all paid up and that we hoped that "M" or "W" would make equally good. He did his bit toward putting "W" on the paid-up map, but there are some other Nobles with that initial who apparently did not read that article. Join Noble Wetzel in putting "W" into the fully paid-up class.

Buy W. S. S.

Here's another regular Daughter of Isis. Mrs. Jacob A. Kirkendal, wife of Noble Kirkendal, 5362, didn't wait for a due bill. She figured it out that on or about the middle of December he would owe five bucks, so she sent along a check. Now if she will make Noble Kirkendal bring her to Carnegie Hall

Washington's Birthday Eve, we'll make her a "Daughter of Liberty," and that's even nicer because there are never any due cards with that.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble J. J. Jacobson, 11599, writes that while going through Pennsylvania on a business trip he discovered that Noble Meyer Paltrowitz, 7589, is president of the Marionville Gas Co. You have to get out of town to find out about some of these chaps, but it is no fun being president of a gas company these days, with coal going up and rates not keeping pace.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Milton Riesner writes from somewhere in France that he assisted in the dedication of the temple of the Washington-Lafayette Masonic Club, October 20th. More than 400 of the Brotherhood were present and enjoyed a lunch of roast-beef sandwiches, doughnuts, grapes, hot chocolate, cigars and cigarettes. The visitors included members of lodges in most states of the Union, and men of all ranks from private up. There was no military distinction within the walls of the club. Private Riesner is the president of the club and Col. C. B. Young made the address of welcome. The building was Noble Riesner's idea, and so it was up to him to hustle the material. It is 24 by 88 feet, ten feet high at the eaves, board floor, sided and roofed with tar paper and corrugated iron. It was all salvaged stuff and the building was run up in four Sundays and such spare time as the men could give evenings. A program of the event, neatly typed, has been added to our archives.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Frank E. Dewey, 11700, writes from Camp Wadsworth, S. C.:

The powers that be up in Washington picked on my outfit to act as Supply Company for the Depot for Corps and Army Troops here in Wadsworth, S. C. (possibly on account of the decrepitude of its Commanding Officer), and here we have stuck in bomb-proof Sunny South, and it would seem that nothing short of an act of Congress would be of any use toward getting us across, for we have tried every other means.

Have been busy most of the time and have put in not a few 24-hour stretches without a break when troop movements were on.

Last Saturday I relaxed a bit and drove up to Asheville, N. C. On the way up I got to thinking about what you wrote in the last issue of the MECCAN, "If you see the Shrine emblem in the buttonhole of another, nod and smile." On arriving in Asheville, the first one I saw was on a fellow standing in the lobby of the Langren Hotel, so I smiled my prettiest and said, "Howdy, Noble." Well, the rest of the story better be left untold until I receive my final discharge papers; anyhow, thanks for the suggestion, it sure did work wonders for me in that town.

Tell me, does your suggestion include the ladies, bless their little souls; there's a lot of them wearing the emblem.

It's a little different with the ladies. You don't go right up and slap 'em on the back and ask them if they know of a place where a couple of congenial souls can get a little elbow exercise, but Mrs. Shriner and Miss Shriner are generally as good folks as Mr. Shriner; so smile, and if she smiles back you can suggest an ice cream soda, and you won't have to wait until you are mustered out to tell about it, either. From some of the pictures Noble Dewey shoots up we think he must be a stick-in-the-mud. The roads must be pretty poor down that way. No wonder he has to put in twenty-hour shifts digging them out.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Clarence Miller, President of the Major Wilbur H. Weston Shriners Association, Newburgh, was host at a dinner of the Executive Committee, December 16th. Two turkeys were roasted for the occasion, but one sufficed and the other ten-pounder was sent to the Children's Home by the diners. Among those in attendance were: Past Presidents E. M. Murtfeldt, R. H. Cathcart, John H. Quinlan, Dr. Henry Wilson, Frederick W. Wilson, Alex. Goldberg, J. Elwood Eastman, Dr. E. O. Mitchell, Dr. F. A. Jacobson, President Clarence Miller, John Cathcart, E. W. Caddick, Cyrus D. Hoag, William R. Dumond, William H. Fowler, Graham Witschief.

Buy W. S. S.

Here's a lady we love. She is Mrs. Harry Kirsner. She writes that Noble Kirsner has gone overseas and has taken his Meccan subscription along with him, and she wants to subscribe to the paper herself, because she finds she cannot keep house without it. Makes us feel good all over to get a letter like that, and to know that the families of the Nobles also like to read The Meccan.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble W. A. Cotton, 12092, who is assistant to the General Mechanical Superintendent of the Erie, stationed at Meadville, Pa., was in Buffalo, December 13th, when Imperial Potentate Jacoby was making a visit to Ismailia Temple, and he was invited to lunch with "Jake" along with other visitors to the Buffalo Temple, and took in the ripping Ceremonial that followed. It's some treat to be in the same dining room with "Jake." Take it from anyone who has had that privilege.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Charles P. Cocks, 12, was a December visitor to Headquarters. He came in to thank the Recorder for some data he requested, and he was amazed at the system which permitted the information to be sent him by return post. Noble Cocks is now tenth on the active roll of Mecca Temple. He has retired from business and has done much traveling. He has been six times to Europe, to Japan, Alaska, Spitzenburg, and has sailed as

far north as latitude 78, which is about as far as navigation is practical unless you are looking for the pole. Within six months he has gone from the torrid zone to the Arctic. He has ridden camels along the Nile and wears a fez he knows is real because he bought it over there.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Chet Graham got John Jackel to take some artists to a Democratic Club he belongs to to entertain the members at the annual election, and when he got there they would not let him in because his dues were unpaid, so he had to wait until after the meeting. Then he took his show in and they wanted to remit his dues, but Chet would not have it that way, and bought his card. He'd have paid more than that had he remembered in time, to escape the guying Jackel and the others gave him.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Frederick M. Dearborn, 8374, who is Lieutenant-Colonel of the Medical Corps in France, writes enclosing some copies of a paper published at the Convalescent Hospital where he is in command. The copy is all prepared by the enlisted men attached to the center, which is a city of some 20,000 Americans, and it is capital stuff. He writes he was particularly interested in the September issue of The Meccan because he learned from that of the presence in France of Lieut. R. Ralston Reed of the New Jersey Grand Commandery who is an old friend. If his hospital center is Chatel Guyon he has very probably seen Lieutenant Reed by now for he went up against a poisoned spring and he got summer complaint which took a fall out of him. He's better this Winter.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble C. H. Winnie, 7366, who is in Paris with the American Y. M. C. A., sends over the menu of the Thanksgiving dinner of the Trowel and Triangle Club at the Hotel MacMahon, when Ill. George Fleming Moore, 33°, Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, S.M.J., was the guest of the club. The T. and T. is the center for Masonic affairs in Paris and Noble Winnie is one of the guiding spirits. Noble Moore was in Paris in connection with the work of the F. and A. M. abroad, and those who know the brilliant and kindly Grand Commander need not be told what a treat he furnished the guests. The menu is a fine piece of printing and carries a warning not to tell about having been gassed or to show the piece of shell which killed a general standing right beside you. This was a purely social event and shop talk was barred.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Louis D. Fouquet, 3114, writes that he has been in Philadelphia for more than a year, but has not yet visited Lulu, "as home looks pretty good after the day's work is done." Noble Fouquet, who is an engineer, was one of the wonder workers who made Hog Island possible. He says that war work has brought so many homeless Shriners to Philadelphia that he has made many happy acquaintances. Just in passing, Noble Fouquet "beat the flag" in getting his dues in. He didn't wait for the bill. Atta boy!

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Ted Solomon, 1748, in acknowledging his year card, sends his love "to all the old bucks in my class." Ted is an old-timer, but he is still in harness, and is with The Rainbow Girl this season.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble R. H. McIntyre, 7511, contributes:

On the night of November 29, 1918, and while the little city of Brewster was in flames, some he and she Masons with an auto at their command left Peekskill at 11 P.M. for the scene of the conflagration.

Al (Mason by name and also by virtue of a Blue Lodge), a good scout, was in control of the steering gear, and while the roads to Brewster are good the hills are many and the distance 25 miles.

When this party came to a stop in front of the large block containing the Masonic Lodge Rooms, which was wholly enveloped in flames, this same Al after looking over his dust- and oil-covered auto, examining carefully the bearings, engines, etc., consults his watch, and to the amazement of all announces that they made the trip in 14½ minutes. Can you beat that, fellows?

We have heard Doc Phin, Clif Couch and Charlie Le Clare tell about hunting and fishing, but, ye gods! this man Mason has that bunch backed off the map, backed into the ditch and over the ledge.

The swiftest animals and birds in flight cannot escape this demon of the road. Rurals tear down fences to escape him when they see him coming; everything living not only on earth but in space make way for him. He wears no medals; as I said before, he is a good scout. He will ask you in the most gentle manner for a match to kindle a cigarette, then wrap a lap robe over a bottle whose cork is stubborn and proceed with his devilish magic to remove that cork without a knife, cork-screw or other implement used for the purpose, and, damn it all, he makes a success of it.

He says his heart is in the right place, but he has a floating kidney. Do you wonder? You wouldn't if you ever met Al Mason.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble G. Alfred Lawrence, 4384, of the New York Alumni and Columbia Chapter of the Acacia Fraternity, is good enough to send for our records the resolutions passed by that body in memory of the late William Homan. Noble Lawrence was chairman of the committee which drafted the eloquent tribute.

Buy W. S. S.

There's worse than second lieutenants. A lieutenant-colonel put up a shout the other day to get his title engrossed on his year card. It can't be done. In the Shrine all men meet on the level, precisely as they do in the Masonic bodies. We are proud of the distinctions they have won, but no titles are added to the year cards, and if the President were a member of Mecca Temple, he would be plain Woodrow Wilson on his year card, the same as John Smith.

Thomas H. Reynolds, Potentate of Ararat Temple, Kansas City, was a visitor to Mother Mecca January 4th, and brought with him greetings from Imp. Second Ceremonial Master James E. Chandler. Noble Reynolds is a typical westerner, big, open-hearted, and all man. We enjoyed his visit and wanted more, and we hope that some day soon he comes back and stays longer. He can wear out chairs around Headquarters by the day, week or month, as suits him best, but we are strong for the month end of it.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble William C. Dodge, 9416, who is State Senator from the Twentieth District, takes joy in the fact that Cyp is bossing things again, and remarks, "If I had Cyp's nerve and oratorical powers, I'd be Governor." We hope this endorsement from "Smiling Bill" does not put the wrong idea into Cyp's head and steer him into running for Governor of Rutherford and the rest of New Jersey, but we have an idea that he might get it, at that, if he were willing to leave Mecca Temple. But just now Cyp is living, breathing, eating and sleeping Mecca Temple, and we think he would rather be Potentate than President, and we are sure we would rather have it that way.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Clarence H. Winnie, 7366, was one of the six founders of the Trowel and Triangle Club, the organization of Masons who are with the American Y. M. C. A. in Paris, which has attracted a lot of attention in the American papers of late, and The Meccan takes a pride in the fact that through Noble Winnie it was able to beat out the New York dailies by three months in telling of the formation of the club.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble F. P. Stoup, 10483, wins the cigar for the first solution of the Manx Cat joke in the December Meccan. You know, Manx cats have merely an apology for a tail, and this cat looked like a Manx but wasn't; the 5:30 train south had clipped the feline's flagstaff, which made it look like a Manx. It's a deep, deep joke, all right, and we wish Noble Stoup would call around and get that Aaronwinkler cigar; but he says he will donate it to the editors, with his compliments. Maybe he smoked one of 'em once. Anyhow, we thank him. You see, we belong to the Arab Patrol, and you have to be able to smoke Aaronwinkler cigars if you belong to the Patrol.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Emanuel Stern, 13267, who is a lieutenant in the Medical Corps, U. S. A., writes that he has been transferred from the southern camps to General Hospital No. 3, Rahway, N. J., and adds that after the South, even New Jersey seems like God's country. The camp, which covers 60 acres, has about four miles of corridors, and you can make the entire hike without having to go outdoors. The capacity is about 1,700 patients, and it is running to standing room only. Noble Stern says that many of the boys are badly shot to pieces, but that the medical staff hope, through bone-grafting and other niceties of their profession, to turn most of them out in good shape. He adds that the boys are as cheerful and happy as though nothing were the matter with them. They are game clear through and back again. He suggests that the hot sands will offer few terrors to men who have been through the hell of battle.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble F. W. Garnjost, 13307, who was Captain of the Headquarters Company of the 807th Pioneer Infantry (colored troops), writes his mother that he has been in hospital in France, but that he expected to be out shortly.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Frank G. Fowler, 7486, has been demoted. He was a captain and now he is only a lieutenant. He was mustered out of the Construction Department of the Q. M. C. early in January, but he remains a lieutenant by virtue of his office on the Arab Patrol. Frank was one of the first to put in an application for discharge when the Kaiser beat it for Holland, and the smiles wreathe his face as he announces that he got a quick let out.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble John P. Henry, 12604, was one of those who gave his life for the freedom of the world. He was a member of the old Seventh Regiment, N. G. N. Y., organized into the 107th Infantry. His father has been advised that he was gassed and taken to a hospital, where pneumonia set in, and he died October 21st. Another gold star has been added to our flag. Another hero stands before the altar of the Unseen Temple, but the work they have done will live forever in the history of the world.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble John Christensen, 9089, writes that he doesn't see why men in the service should have their dues remitted. His letter suggests that he has the idea that this is a standing rule, and not one brought into being by our entrance into the war. In times of peace all Nobles pay dues if they wish to retain membership, but with the call to the colors it was felt that many who had given up profitable positions to take the pay of a private would find it difficult to keep up their standing, and at the suggestion of the Imperial Council the dues of all Nobles in the service were remitted during the period of the war. Noble Christensen enlisted back in 1896.

Imperial First Ceremonial Master Conrad V. Dyckman, of Kismet, was a caller at Headquarters January 10th. Con. has passed through a severe illness dating back to last summer, but he is a picture of health now, and says he feels the way he looks. He says he won't come to Ceremonials because he won't sneak in, and he doesn't like the fuss that has to be made if he doesn't put on false whiskers; but we wish he would drop in at Headquarters more often. The only speech he has to make there is "How" or "Here's looking," and that comes easy with practice.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Arden Rearick, 11482, writes that he doesn't think much of red and green as a color combination, but he sends a red bill and a green bank note for 1919. If he will sit down and think a minute, he'll remember that red and green and yellow are the Shrine colors. Maybe that's the reason the Imperial Recorder picked out red this year, to go with greenbacks and gold pieces. When Nobles come across quick like that, we don't get a chance to threaten to tell their wives about the other fourteen. And to wind up he remarks:

> I want to tell you that The Meccan is the classiest little magazine that comes to our house. It's been so long since I've been to dear old Mecca that it would seem almost like a dream were it not for that monthly handshake across the miles in the form of The Meccan.

Noble Rearick is living in Indianapolis now, and if we get out to the Imperial Council we surely are going to buy him one or more drinks. That's one of the ideas of The Meccan, to keep the men who have moved away in close touch with their old Mother Mecca.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Charles J. Dieges, 4991, who is Captain-Adjutant of the 103rd Engineers, sends greetings to the Nobility. He has been in France and Belgium with his regiment since May 30, 1918. In acknowledging copies of The Meccan he adds: "It made me feel like old times and meeting a good old pal." It should not be long now before he can meet his pals in the oasis. May the time come soon!

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Alex Loewy, 11650, who is on the Albatross, writes:

> To-day I got The Meccan of November from France. Sergeant Alex. Lewis sent it to me. He is the lad who played first cornet when I played fourth melaphone in the band. He is with the 77th Division, lost battalion, and all that glorious stuff. While my ship was scouting in the Caribbean Sea and searching ships for contraband, he was pulling big stuff.
>
> Next time you get up a list of Nobles in the Military and Naval Service, how's to put my name in it? On August 15, 1918, I got promoted to lieutenant (junior grade), U. S. Navy, that being my third promotion since I enlisted as a gob in June, 1917. By the way, I was recently in New Orleans; saw their fine new Temple (Jerusalem Temple), and let me tell you we got to go some to keep up with that hospitable bunch. They are real Masons and Shriners.
>
> Wishing you all possible luck and happiness for the coming year, and my best to all my old friends at Mecca Temple.

The service list has been discontinued, but we are glad to note Noble Loewy's rapid rise. Going some!

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Alessandro Liberati, 509, one of the best-known band leaders in the country, is now leader of the band formed of employes of Dodge Brothers Motor and Ordnance Works. Noble Liberati has been a conspicuous figure in musical history for the past forty years and for a long time leader of the old Seventy-first Regiment Band. Before coming to this country he served in the Papal Army and as a bugler in the French Foreign Legion in the Franco-Prussian War. His present band is composed of sixty-nine players.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Milton J. Amey, 5532, is at Camp Crane, Pa., with the U. S. Ambulance Corps, where his skill as an entertainer is much appreciated. Noble Amey is on one of the old-time black-face "pathetic" acts, which is another name for a stump speaker.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Al Smith, Stunt Director of Moslem Temple, dropped in at Headquarters early in January. It was just after the inauguration of our own Al Smith, and when he announced himself we thought we were about to add another Governor to our membership. Noble Smith roams the country in search of new stunts for Moslem Temple, and his position is variously known as Stunt Director and "Stunt Swiper." His motto reads, "If it's new Moslem has had it."

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Jacob May, 8934, who is none other than Jake May with his Sunday name on, read in The Meccan that we couldn't keep the stationery in the writing room from the pinochle fiends downstairs, so he has presented Headquarters with half a dozen leather-covered score pads (with an ample supply of paper) that are quite the last words in style.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Warren K. Bigger, 10927, was a recent visitor to Headquarters. Noble Bigger has been Commander of the U. S. S. Osceola for the past three years in the Caribbean, and

he says it has been like being out of the world. One of the rays of light has been The Meccan, and he says he watched for each issue like the small boy looking forward to his Saturday night bag of candy. He's mighty glad to be back in civilization, and we're glad to see him around again.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble William B. Jones, 1839, writes that he is glad to see that Cyp is again at the helm. He was not at the Annual Meeting, and so the news came to him as a glad surprise when he got the card for Ladies' Night. He says: "I know that he takes up the office at great personal sacrifice, but that only makes the obligations of the members of Mecca Temple the greater." That's the idea!

Buy W. S. S.

Noble George Reikowitz, 10969, writes from La Villenuve, that his division, the 77th, expects soon to embark for home, IF the regiment is not ordered to Germany. Noble Reikowitz is a corporal in the 305th Infantry, and saw service in the Argonne, where he says the cooties were even meaner fighters than the Germans. But he is rid of the cooties now. He writes: "I received The Meccan and sure did enjoy reading it, and I wish I were back in New York to attend the sessions of good old Mecca; but I do not think it will be very long now."

Buy W. S. S.

Have you noticed the new overcoat Headquarters is sporting? The front was crumbling badly and twice the covered entrance was smashed by falling cornices, so the entire front has been fixed up and we can hold our own with the best of them.

Buy W. S. S.

Nobles Walter April and Harry Harris have decided that they need a vacation after a strenuous season in the fur business, and have therefore turned to the "cold" sands of Atlantic City to spend several weeks. Walter has promised on his return to give us a detailed report of their doings. At the present price of furs, we imagine that these Nobles will be able to have a mighty good time without putting much of a dent in their bank-roll.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble James C. Bradford, orchestra leader at the Broadway and Symphony Theaters, has just recovered from an attack of the "flu." To look at him you would never know he had been sick, but then you never can tell by the "label."

Buy W. S. S.

Did you ever try to buy a piano and find yourself in a quandary as to what breed would best suit "friend wife"? That is the situation which confronted Noble H. J. Sheppard. For two weeks prior to Christmas he was galavanting around to the various music shops and department stores hunting for something that he thought would please his wife, and the last reports received at midnight Christmas Eve, he was still up in a balloon hunting the desired instrument. Moral—Ask your wife in the first place and then give her the money and let her buy it herself.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Tobias E. Raffel had a visit from black camel last month, and is now mourning the loss of his brother who has passed to the Unseen Temple.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Julian M. Solomon, Jr., has moved from the wilds of University Avenue to the jungles of Bay Ridge, in Brooklyn. He had some nerve when he moved on the anniversary of his wedding day, but he has proved to his own satisfaction the new adage, "that it is cheaper to pay rent than move."

Buy W. S. S.

They are telling a good story around the Mecca Building these days on Noble Nat Rothstein. It seems he was assigned by his company to attend the Labor Convention at Atlantic City, the theme of which convention was to "keep the home fires burning." It seems that Nat was keeping the fires burning somewhere else other than at the Convention Hall, and when it came time to return to New York he didn't know what to report to his company. Oh, for a nice rolling chair and pleasant company!

Buy W. S. S.

Noble E. Madden Decker, 7760, dropped into town the other day and after trying to find accommodations for himself and Mrs. Decker at about three hundred hotels, he had an inspiration and called up Recorder Donnatin. Lou got busy and located him at the McAlpin and in his note of thanks Noble Decker comments on the fact that after his own fruitless efforts to get a room at any price, he not only had a good room, but was given a 25 per cent discount which the hotel extends to men in uniform. He figures out that it pays to belong to the two great orders—Mecca and the Army, and he puts Mecca first, you'll notice.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Andrew H. Kellogg, 1034, has presented the staff of The Meccan and the Recorder with calendars for 1919 printed with his own fair hands. They are cute little affairs on the day-to-a-page plan only you turn down a page for the first day and tear it off for the second, making one page serve for two days.

With one rubber band to hold the pages up and another band to hold them down, the scheme works nicely, but Noble Kellogg did not supply the bands. He is conserving paper but wasting rubber. Anyhow the calendars are appreciated and we cannot help thinking of him every morning when we turn or tear a page and readjust the bands.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Robert Miller, our Watchdog of the Treasury, had three fits of hysterics when he discovered a printer's error in the January Meccan. Probably he also took notice of Noble Camp's complaint that we spelled Port—space—Cap C—Chester as one word. Noble Theodore R. Rokahr, 13399, very kindly sends in a clipping from the Evening Journal in which a telegraph line is given as Portchester (no space or Cap C.) Evidently there are some others. As a matter of fact The Meccan is unusually well edited, being covered by two professional proof readers, and we offer no apologies for making Cyp wish all a "Happy New York" instead of New Year, because we feel that we have an average better than most. We thank Noble Rokahr for sending in Exhibit A in the matter of Port—space—Cap C—Chester.

Buy W. S. S.

Here's another one. Noble W. F. R. Mills, 4791, writes that he notes that Noble Wilde, 2681, Mayor of San Diego, Cal., has sent the key of the city to Recorder Donnatin. He says that Denver no longer needs keys since the state went dry, but as Mayor of Denver, he assures the Recorder that he will be glad to welcome any Nobles who land in that elevated portion of Colorado. San Diego, Denver—who is the next Mayor to write in? We hope that some day Mayor Mills helps boost Jim Noland over the Hot Sands. The editor has had his eye on James R. these many years.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Charles Higham, 7101, who is Chief of the Middletown Fire Department and Representative of the Potentate in that territory, has been having his annual attack of rheumatism, but is now over the ordeal. We hope that the Chief's "annuals" are not like the annual dinners of the Arab Patrol, but that they come only once a year.

Cyp Hunt is a member of the Rutherford, N. J., Shriner's Club, and out there they have discovered that his name should be spelled Cy-pep-rian instead of the way his baptismal certificate reads. We found that out long ago, but to plug further discoveries, we'll announce now that Cyp did not put the "Hun" in "Hunt." The Rutherfords came over in a body to attend the last Ceremonial.

Buy W. S. S.

Potentate Hunt and Recorder Donnatin were guests at the dinner to Noble Philip Krimke, the new Potentate of Salaam Temple, at the Progress Club, Newark, last month. Of course Cyp was one of the speakers.

Buy W. S. S.

Up in what Jim Hoff calls "the" Yonkers, the Four Minute Men had a farewell banquet to mark the close of their activities and a prize was offered the orator getting the most applause. Izzy won the first prize. They didn't wait for Izzy to speak, but started applauding the moment he got up and he won the prize without having been given a chance to make a speech. It must have reminded Izzy of one of those Patrol dinners where he has tried to butt in.

Buy W. S. S.

Imperial Treasurer Bill Brown reads The Meccan. We know it because he wrote Cyp congratulating him on his election and the Imperial Council on their retention of their unofficial "Cheer Leader." And he wrote he saw it in The Meccan. Bully for Bill! Just for that he can write a piece for The Meccan if he wants to, but we give him fair warning we'll run none of that Al G. Fields stuff he makes Harry Lewis stand for in the Crescent. Come on, Bill, we double dare you.

Buy W. S. S.

George C. Ganss, 11524, who used to play in the band, but who is now in Chicago, writes in to congratulate Cyp on his election and to send greetings to all the Nobles. Please consider that your share has been delivered to you.

Buy W. S. S.

Noble Robert F. Y. Pierce, D. D., 10803, is not only Chaplain of Mecca Temple, but he is Major on the H. Q.

staff of the New York Police Reserves, Chaplain of the Second Regiment, Waterfront secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and is conducting religious services on the ships in the Navy Yard, Bush Terminal and the supply ships. He is also a sort of unofficial chaplain of the Wall Street district. Outside of that he doesn't do very much.

Buy W. S. S.

OUR NEW SONG

POTENTATE CYPRIAN C. HUNT wrote a new song for Mecca Temple and launched it at the big Ladies' Night at Carnegie Hall, January 18th. It is sung to the tune of "On, Wisconsin!" The air is a little tricky, but it is soon mastered and the swing is worth the slight trouble involved in catching the phrasing. In this printed version Cyp offers a more up-to-date fourth verse than that sung at the premiere. Perhaps other poets will add verses. The Meccan will be glad to give space to any verses that measure up to standard, but we want poetry and sentiment; not merely words.

MOTHER MECCA

By CYPRIAN C. HUNT

Air: *On Wisconsin!*

I

Mother Mecca! Men of Mecca!
In the cause of right,
We, thy children, all uphold thee
In thy glorious might.
Mother Mecca! Men of Mecca!
Honored is thy name!
Serve, Nobles, serve and so
Add to her fame.

II

Mother Mecca! Men of Mecca!
On our way to France,
On our way to man the trenches
Our flag to advance.
Mother Mecca! Men of Mecca!
On to Victory!
Over the top for you
And Liberty.

III

Mother Mecca! Men of Mecca!
We will go right through.
We'll uphold the old traditions
And make them anew.
"Mother Mecca! Men of Mecca!"
Is our battle cry.
We'll make you proud of us,
We'll do or die.

IV

Mother Mecca! Men of Mecca!
Nobles all true blue!
Chased the kaiser into Holland
With him we're not through.
Mother Mecca! Men of Mecca!
How we smashed that line!
Twelve hundred Nobles brave
First on the Rhine.

Buy W. S. S.

SEND STUFF, BUT—

We want the members of Mecca Temple to shoot in notes about themselves and others, but the regular events of the Temple are covered by the staff. We are willing to go out after the stuff we can get. Our appeal to you is for the personal notes we cannot obtain save through your cooperation.

Buy W. S. S.

A BILLYBEAMISH

Several months ago we threatened to publish one of the stories that Potentate Beamish sent in. It was a threat, but Billy took it as a promise and, cheered by this encouragement, he brought in one the other day about an army cook who baked the beans upside down, in consequence of which all the company had hiccoughs. No Aaronwinkler cigar goes with the solution of this one.

Buy W. S. S.

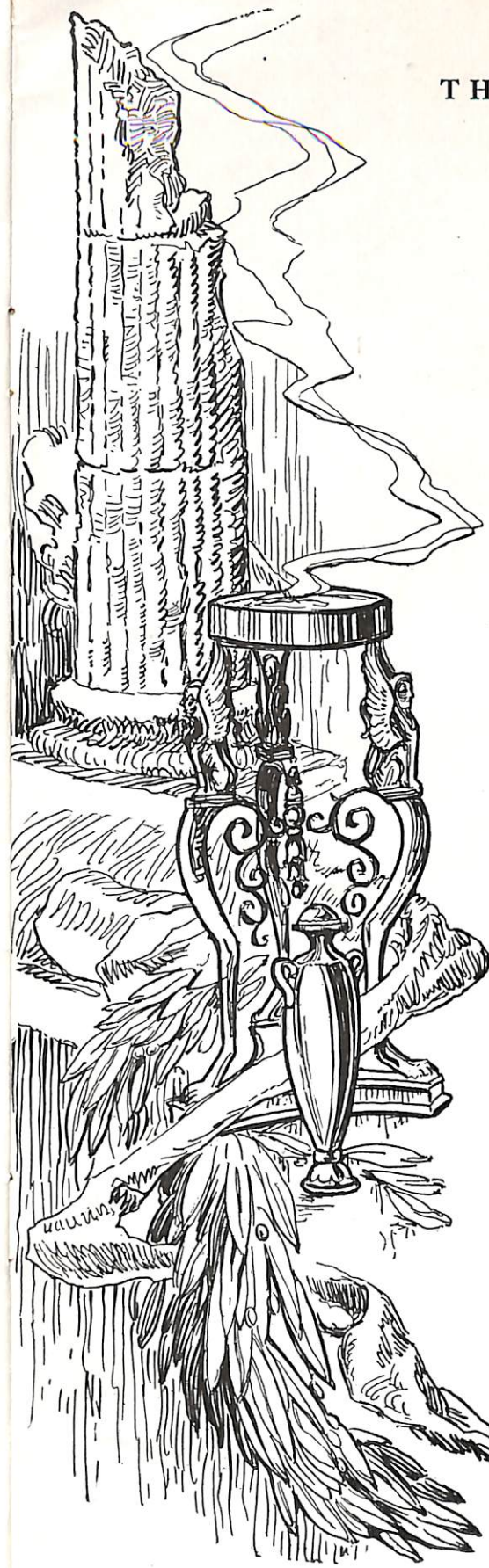
OUR SYMPATHY

Ensign C. McNair Speed, son of William G. Speed, Past Potentate of Boumi Temple, Baltimore, and Representative to the Imperial Council, who was of our party on the Seattle Pilgrimage, was laid to rest January 15th, while his companions in the Naval Aviation Service dropped roses upon the grave. Ensign Speed had been on service with the naval forces off the coast of Scotland but had been returned home only to succumb to pneumonia. The sympathy of all who know him goes to Noble Speed.

Buy W. S. S.

HERE'S ANOTHER

Al Kader Temple, Portland, Oregon, announces that it will join the ranks of Shrines having a monthly magazine. Sometime this month the Al Kader Oasis will take its place with the rest, and if it comes up to Al Kader's general style of printed matter, it is going to be a hummer.



As Allah Wills

MECCA TEMPLE

A.A.O.N.M.S.

will present for the first time
the solemn, impressive and sacred

Shrine Memorial Service Ritual

in

MECCA MOSQUE

CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

on

Friday Night, March 14, 1919

Commencing Promptly at Eight

Dedicated to those whose Physical Beings are at Rest, But whose Spirits will Permeate, Guide and Govern Mecca Temple's Work For All Time

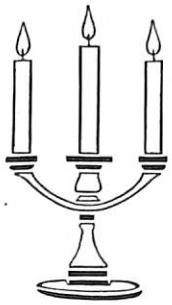
Each Noble, with his 1919 card, may
be accompanied by two ladies.

Remember the Date!

A Genuine Translation of the Transliteration of the Circumambulation of the Kaaba.

In Memoriam

12368	Stanley V. Mastbaum	March 7, 1918
12604	John P. Henry	October 21, 1918
9696	David F. Silver	November 3, 1918
5159	Walter S. Gurnee	November 27, 1918
11195	Jacob Hochbaum	January 1, 1919
2255	James N. Fuller	January 5, 1919
4700	John M. Richard	January 8, 1919
6662	Charles Miller Williams	January 9, 1919
7213	Pellegro Pellerano	January 14, 1919
6195	George M. Park	January 18, 1919
6229	William B. Sawers	January 21, 1919
2287	Atticus A. Pattengill	January 25, 1919
2456	John L. Wiegand	January 26, 1919
10298	Frederick H. Werner	January 30, 1919



These shall be rewarded with the high places of Paradise for their steadfast endurance, and they shall meet therein with—Welcome and Salutation:

Forever shall they remain therein, a fair abode and a resting place.

—Koran XXV; 75-76